

THE FAMOVS Whore, or Noble

Curtizan :

Conteining the lamentable complaint
of PAVLINA, the famous Roman Cur-
tizan, sometimes M^{rs} vnto the great
Cardinall *Hypolito*, of Est.

By *Garuis Markham*.



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shop by the great South gate of
Paules. 1609.



The Printer to the Reader.



GENTLEMEN, I haue aduentured to bring a whore into your company, but with no bad intent, but to giue you honest Recreation, not to hurt you in purse or body: Therefore you must thinke this is a famous strange whore: for shee seekes the hurt of no man. Wrong her not then, but giue her kind welcome out of Italy: for she hath bin a meere stranger to our English nation till this howre. And yet Gentlemen you know some of her kindred: Therefore loue her, for their sakes whom you loue, and let vs shew our selues as courteous as Italians, and except her kindly, Farewell.

I

THE LAMEN-
TABLE COMPLAINT
of *Paulina* the famous Roman
Curtezan, sometimes M^{rs}. vnto
the great Cardinal *Hypolito* of Est.

 Although t'is all too late that I complain,
Of those deepe scars which on my fame re-
And that vnlesonably to grieue our il(main,
Shewes our defect in reason; yet I will
Take truce with order, and lament that fate,
Whole strength of hope is onely desperate:
My former carelesnes shall bring forth care,
And knit my best of wishes to the faire:
I will compell my selfe to ease my grieve,
With sighes and teares (the weakest worst reliefe:)
And yet perhaps some here may profit draw,
Though nor my plaints, nor me they euer saw.
My woes to others may as myrrors stand,
And my life giue example to our land.
That by my wretched hap they may bew are:
Prevention euer should precede our care;
And this is all the good my fate can tell,
To shew to beauries haire how beauty fell.
Then to vnclasp that booke, thus I begin,

A 4

And

And thus lay ope affliction and my sinne.
 First for my birth (so hie my fortunes stood,)
 I issued from an antient worthy blood:
 And faster then my yeares my beauties sprang,
 For being yong all excellence I wan:
 And hardly numbring twelue yeares was renownd,
 With stile of fairest (so was beauty crown'd)
 But what auails the beauty of the cheeke,
 When soule adorning vertue is to seeke?
 Better want life then knowledge, sith tis sayd,
 Pietie liues when beauties glosse is dead.
 Comercement base is youths protested foe,
 Pitch doth defile, and ils from ill do floe.
 Voluptuous idlenesse was my first nurse,
 And drunken pleasures fixt me to my curse,
 Garments as rich as star-light, daintie fare,
 Mirth and soft lodging my worst minions are:
 All that I wisht I had, by which expence
 My glutton soule grew slaue vnto my sence.
 My happie father dead, my mothers loue
 Gaue my youths vines freely leaue to moue:
 A wanton mother breeds a daughter light,
 And appetite doth seldome leade youth right:
 Into disorder all my motions flies,
 Yet in my life no one fault she espies:
 Feeding my wanton humors with delight,
 Bridles no errors, but giues error might.
 Hence I began to chide shame from my face,
 To taunt at modest goodnes, scoffe at grace:
 So that at thirteene yeares (O monstrous thought)
 My

The famous Whore.

My bodie was to prostitution brought,
My maiden flower, my virgin honoured tree,
I gaue to stealth and hatefull luxurie.
But O this gem, on whom did I bestow it,
On him that by desert might amply owe it,
Or him whose honour, place or dignity,
Might to the world, my sinnes fault qualifie?
a O no; he that posselt it was a slaue,
A groome as base as earth, a poore knaues knaue:
Mine honors spoile, no better captaine bare,
Fit time and place makes peasants apt to dare.
So *Medor* wanne *Angelica* by chance,
From all the noble Palladines of France.
O you that keepe the threncher groomes of state,
Hold watchfull eye vpon their dangerous fate.
I do not censure all, but those great fewe,
Whose large ambitions couets all they view,
Chieflly those subtrill seemers, purest sheepe:
For they fox-craftie are, and mischief keepe.
The garment of demurenes cloaths base thought,
And dryest lips doe take the deepest draught.
My mother (antient read in rules of lust)
Soone reads mine errors in her owne distrust:
And seeing that the shame recurelesse was,
With a smooth brow of silence lets it passe.
Only dismist him and dissembled it,
For she was poore growne and (now) liu'd by wit.
Ill may like faults, the selfe like faults controule,
For well she knew I knew her faults as foule.

a Being but 13
yeares of age
she lost her ma-
denhead to one
of the meanest
and basest
drudges of her
mothers house.

B

Nor

The famous Whore.

Nor could her old age now support her name,
Vnlesse I gaue my bodie to defame.
Whence it proceeded that the little store,
Of goods, of plate, and iewels got before,
We turnd to coine, and by the nights dim flame,
Wee fled from *Fano* and to *Rome* we came.

^b *Fano* is acitie
in *Italie* not far
from *Pesaro*, it
was called in
o'd time *Fanum*
fortune, because
fortune had a
temple therein.
The fairest wo-
men in *Italie*
are said to com
from thence &
from *Siena*, as
the old saying
is, *Produxit se-
per formosas Fano
puellas*, It is sub-
iect to the Pope
yet lyeth in the
middest of the
Duke of *Vrbins*
dominions.

From *Fano* where to liue, I then did scorne,
An humble suiter, being soueraigne borne.
Ariad at *Rome*, I gan to marchandise,
And in my trade could euen instruct the wise.
Hot blouds I could make flames, cold tempers sweat,
And to each sick taste, framd agreeing meate.
For lo scarce setled there, or but halfe warme,
My colours hardly spread to loues alarme:
My mother deepe in iudgement as in yeares,
For a pure virgin sels me to sundry peares.
Who hauing all they paid for; lust, and shame,
I still returnd as pure as when I came.
As if my *Hydra* maiden head had sprung,
And by the losse of one, two new begunne.
You that haue youths heate, let wit looke vnto you,
Our arts and falshood quickly will vndoe you.
But when mine oft sold maiden head grew stale,
And this sinnes shift no more could vs auaille,
We then turnd ore the leafe and lessons newe,
(Fuller of profit) from old customes drew.

^c She meaneth
the great Car-

^c Sels me vnto a Prelate secretly,
Vnto a Cardinall that held worlds of wealth,

The

The famous Whore.

The couenant he should hold me to him selfe.
And therewithall with strange oathes did assure,
(As he supposed) I was a virgin pure.
O you Church mirours say, why do you liue
Thus loose, that should vs better instance giue?
You should our torches be of glorious light,
To guide, not lead vs from the way thats right.
Your liues with your religions should agree,
And as your words are, so your deedes should be.
But I perceiue the adage you fulfill,
And if not chaste, yet chary you liue still.
And yet you *Romane* Prelates you deserue,
In somewhat pardon, though you much do swarue
From holy duetie, sith you are forbed,
By mans lawes (not Gods orders) wiues to wed.
Where other holy ones that know more truth,
And haue the liberty in age and youth.
To taste the ioyes of mariage, yet will stray,
Beyond all modest rules, and tire the day
With their vntired lusts, their vnquencht fiers,
Which more they do consume, more still desires.
But leauing both, that both may both amend,
I will returne vnto my reuerend friend.
Whose loue, whose admiration, and whose etc,
So dwelt vpon my beauties dignitie,
And gaue me all my wishes that I grew
Richer in fauour and was made anewe,
Now I tooke vp my ranck amongst the best,
And ouer euery starre lift vp my crest.

dinaill Hypolite
of *Est*, who
kept her cer-
taine yeares as
his concubine.

The famous Whore.

All wanton baits, inchanting exercise,
As musique, dancing, masking and such guise,
Harts rhetorick, courtship, fashions of new mold,
And such like lures I as my vassailes hold.
The womans great art (painting) was in me,
So compleat, I could blinde the choifest eie.
And to be brieft, so rare was my perfection,
In euery sleight of loue, in each infection,
That euē lusts oldest beldams, knowne most wise,
Tooke their new precepts frō my cōquering eies.
For first (as then) into the world I saw,
Not knowing ought (before) I was so rawe.
Thus did I liue in pleasures wallowing,
Whilst with my Princely *Cardinall* dallying,
Daies did consume, as scarcely minutes long,
Mirth beeing my musique, sweete delight my song.
For so I had inchaind his loue-sick hart,
That from mine eies, his eies could neuer part:
His only study was my ioies content,
Nor did he care what I consumde or spent,
To see my youthfull appetite best pleasd,
Was the earths heauen, on which his senses seazd:
My ioyes were his delights, my grieve his sore:
But my contentment he did wish no more.
More then three yeares I led this louiall life,
(A life orechargd with pleasures) void of strife:
Till at the last, I longed for a change,
And being cloid with ease, desired to range.
“ Nature from thy corruption this doth flow,

That

The famous Whore.

That our best tempers we can neuer know. “
Many of too much ease doe oft complaine, “
And pleasures surfeit is the bodies baine. “
Too much of sweetenes turnes to bitter gall, “
And loathsomnesse of best things breeds in all: “
And how ill doth imperious maiesty, “
With loue (considering loues right nature) gree ! “
Nought did I want, but liberty at will,
Which wanting lo, I wanted all things still:
No honourd fauours which I then possesse,
Royall obseruance fitting for the best;
Chaines, iewels, rings or antique wrought attire,
Which makes the soules of women most aspire,
No following troupes, nor no admiring traines,
Whose eies from my least luster suckt their baines;
No Ladies life, no female idlenesse,
No candied flatterie, no voluptuousnesse.
Not to enioy all ioyes, and in my hand,
To hold the rock of fate at my command.
All these could not content me, I did find,
A something nothing did perplex my mind.
O liberty thou serpent subtil vile, “
How many of my sex dost thou beguile ! “
Thou mak'st vs seeke the soueraignty of will, “
And of our selues to be selfe monarchs still. “
When we so vaine are and vnreasonable, “
As our owne selues to rule we are not able. “
Wise are wee when we in obedience stand, “
And best we rule when others vs command. “

The famous Whore.

^d The right fa-
shion of *Curti-
zans* beyond
the seas, & how
vainly they
spend their
time.

^d To be at liberty and to deuise,
New molded court ships after strangest guise.
Abroad to maske, to haue the will and power,
To dance and reuell each where euerie hower.
In night to dance currantoes curiously,
And make loue after ones owne fantasie;
Without approuing how tis tedious,
(And worse then poison) neare from out the house,
To step a foote without the guard of cies,
Or the dead iealous lookes of worse spies.
No not to dare out of a window peepe,
(Such spies (like to familiars) bout her keepe)
The thought of these things did me ample good,
Tickled my sense and did inflame my bloud.
To liue a *Recluse* or an *Anchers* life,
Gald my sick heart, and fild it full of strife.
From hate of which, and from a life so strickt,
My colour changd and I grew deadly sick.
Yet did my Churchman with such loue me hold,
That I was loath my griefs cause to vnfold:
Which notwithstanding of himselfe he found,
Knowing that hard it was of common ground,
To make a priuate walke, or so inclose it,
As law, or scandall would not make him lose it.
Againe he knew in vaine was arte and skill,
To mew a woman vp against her will:
And hence he gan contemplate and deuise,
How he might rid me best in honest wise,
Without reproch to either, or misdoubt,

Which

The famous Whore.

Which by a mariage thus he brought about.
First he makes *rumor* blaze abroad I was,
Neare of his kinne, and that I did surpasse
The best for qualities and noble arts,
Commending my chaste life and choicest parts.
Good Priest he vsd me much by much too well:
• His goods me bought, his goods me so did sell.
And now it hapt an innocent yong man,
Of comely shape to me a suiter came,
Who not acquainted with the sly deceits
Of *Romish Curtezans* nor their sweete baits
Did thinke himselfe to haue most happy sped,
If it might be his fortune me to wed.
And I that feard lest hee should know my doing,
Tooke his first motion, (shame loues little wooing.)
So frogs are often caught for better fish,
And rashnes makes vs taste a poisoned dish.
My husbands long expected wish was lost,
And in his choice he found his fortunes crost.
Now what I was and am he amply findes,
Sees all my breath-turnes and lasciuious winds.
And thereupon he curbd and kept me in,
Thinking that rigor, vertue back would bring.
But when he saw that to his painfull lure,
I would not stoope, he takes a way more sure:
Now he begins to play the *Hypocrite*,
As if all malice were excluded quite,
And speakes me faire, and seemes both sad and ill,
That his distasts had tyrannizd my will.

• The Cardinal
first bought
her of her mo-
ther for money
and after gaue
money to marry
her honestly
from him.

Now

The famous Whore.

Now he carresses, courts and is so kinde,
That with his sugred words he made me blind,
And from that musique rang so sweete a chime,
That he became soone Lord of me and mine.
My Iewels, rich apparell, moueables,
My plate, and all my other riches else,
My bagd-vp coine, my coine at interest,
And all what else he had at his request:
To purchase land which he to me would giue,
He ayming but t'enioy whilst he did liue.
But he no sooner had my goods his pray,
When he from *Rome* in priuate steales away.
To France he came & there the French King seru'd,
And in his warres was slaine as he deseru'd.
Thus was I left forsaken all alone,
My Card'nall dead that might haue easd my mone,
My mother likewise closd vp in her graue,
Whose cūning in extreames, extreames could saue.
Of all my riches nothing now was left me,
But what (saue fate) by none could be bereft me:
Which was a little of my youth behinde,
Remaind to comfort my despairing minde.
O cruell men, worse then the Crocodile,
Bred of the poisonous slime of muddy Nile;
You raile on vs poore women, and our kind,
Calling vs false vnconstant as the wind:
And yet theres none so wattering as your selues,
Which strikes our ships gainst sorrowes swallowing
You say that wee are full of all deceit, (shelues.
When

The famous Whore.

When you alone doe vs of glory cheate,
Our faults are veniall of simplicity,
But yours proceede of inward villanie.
Wast not enough, I bore my husbands blowes,
And mixt his fullen frownes with greater woes?
But he must take all the world gaue to me,
And leaue me nought but hatefull beggerie? (ment,
f May heapens worst plague his ingrau'd bones tor-
And all besides that hold his president.
But to retarne to mine ill-boading fate,
And viewing my farre worse then poore estate,
I did resolute (reiecting bashfull shame,
And making but a shade of honest fame)
For I before but as suspected was,
And therefore as sound stufte did richly passe:
As in this world do many women moe,
Who seeming right are nothing lesse then so)
To hoist my Ships saile vp to euery aire,
My stolne goods by stolne pleasures to repaire,
And taught now to my cost how to be wise,
I set to sale my bodies merchandise:
Prouing more wisely subtile then the best,
So well had neede closd cautions in my brest,
Till at the last in each tongue I was found,
Of all the curtezans the most renound.
And now perceiuing that all eies in *Rome*
Were fixt on my proceedings, as orecome,
With sway of stricter rule, I cloakt my fall,
That though vnchaste, I was not generall:

f A right passi-
on of a woman
and it is called
amongst the I-
talians a curte-
zans blessing.

C

g For

The famous Whore.

g A common
trick of such
curtezans as
are most skilful
in their trade.

g For onely vnto three that monthly paid me,
I was a mistresse, and there fully staid me,
From these each moneth an hūdred crownes in pay
I had, besides some other intrads otherway.
I will not heere my kingdomes rule discouer,
Nor how I vsd each subiect or each louer:
Only this know, my fancie still did chuse,
Which of the three I pleald, and which refuse:
And him whom I did know to loue me best,
He should be sure to haue my fauors least:
Besides, mongst them I would raise factions,
The more to driue them into passions:
And all the meanes I could, I still would try,
To breede in them this lust-seind iealousie.
Feares of strange kindes I nurst vp in their breasts,
Oft made them fight, oft smild at their vnrests:
Then would I shew that one of them I loued,
More then the other two, and thereby moued
The poore despised with new showers of gold,
To buy my loue that had nor hope nor hold:
But all the pastime was when they would strue,
How th'one the other from my house might driue,
When two of them with gifts would hire me,
That their third fellow might cashered be,
And then how that same od man would againe,
Pay double pay to cast off th'other twaine,
Whose bribes auailing, my old tongue strait waies
Vtters my braines wit in their large dispraise.
This (said I) had red haires, this noisome breath,

This

The famous Whore.

This a tande skinne, this visagd leane like death:
And such like roies, whilst they that were despisd,
Only to please me studied and deuifd,
Offering me presents, so they might obtaine,
As heretofore my former grace againe:
But they no sooner mounted to the height
Of my long lookt for fauor, but the waight
Of vengeance gainst the third man so ore beares the
That but reuenge no other thought comes nere the,
And they conclude, so I will him discarde,
And that his after plaints be neare more heard,
To pay as much as he did, twixt them two,
To which I yielded without more adoe,
And so reseru'd a third place to my selfe,
Which I imploid t'accumulate more wealth:
And though these two did me maintaine alone,
And had great fauors on my fortunes throwne;
Yet that auaild not, thanklesse lust which gaind it,
Like fier did seeke to waste what did maintaine it. "
A little gall mongst honey doth no harme, "
And winter frosts instructs vs to liue warme. "
Who neuer war'd knowes not the sweete of peace, "
And sloth doth neuer kindle brooke his ease:
So now and then my youths had I not crost,
They had beene flowne and I their loues had lost:
This made me mix sedition with their ioy,
And symbolize their sweetes with some annoy.
One while I would (faining my selfe in debt,)
Borrow of them and day for paiement set:

The famous Whore.

But that same day of paiment neuer came,
For when twas come they durst not aske the same.
A world of stratagems dwelt in my braine,
By which their wealths I could at will constraine.
Ofte would I saine I would become a Nunne:
Straight I would marrie ere I were yndone.
To *Naples* now I would my iorney take,
By and by to *Venice* a strange voiage make:
And therefore shortly must bid all adiew:
For this would make them to discourse I knew.
Then would I counterfait my selfe with childe,
Framing strange longings; extasies most wilde:
Immediately I would with broken breath,
Suggest a feuer held me to the death:
And thus into my treasurie retird,
Without entreaty more then I desir'd.
Thus how I vld my best of friends you see,
VWho were, as gold to misers, true to me:
For neuer did they faile, but at their day
They did their monthly pension duely pay:
Besides they gaue me pendäts wrought of gold,
Bracelets and chaines most curious to behold,
Perfumed gloues, gownes, kirtles, vaskaies muffs,
Borders and tyers, rebatoes, falles and ruffes,
State-chambers richly deckt and furnished,
With arras hangings, downe-bed & feild bed:
Right stufte of *Naples*, painting excellent,
Made by the *Iewes* and from *Iudea* sent.
True christall mirrors and my picture right,

h Another trick
of an Italian
Curtezans to
force liberalitie
from her fauo-
rites.

In

The famous Whore.

In which I needes must say I tooke delight,
Maskes, fannes and stockings, shooes & slippers too,
With coach hire when I busines had to doe:
All these I had from them, yet discontent
I was, because no more on me they spent,
No cunning sleight there was money to get,
But that my inares (to haue the same) I set.
What would you more? shall I my thoughts bewray,
And publikely my shamelesse life display?
I was in fee with such as shops did keepe,
And sold the needements vnto household meete:
Euen of the Butchers I had flesh at will,
For which I paid my flesh (a marte too ill)
Nay vnto humble Porters I would shew
Kindnes, before my coyne I would let go:
Such was my base and more then muddie minde,
That I forgot my selfe and staid my kinde:
Still would I borrowe, but to pay did faile,
Vnlesse my bodies purchase might auaille,
No sooner got I coine by craft or rent,
But to the bancke or lumbard straight it went,
And albe mine old customers I knew
Were paymen good, yet still I sought for new.
Six haue I had at once in one poore night,
And pleasd them all, my cunning had such might.
Double so many haue beene in my house,
Yet none thereof were ere suspicious:
For by a back dore they came in and out,
And so the one the other robd of doubt.

The famous Whore.

In briefe, so well I did bestir my selfe,
No day ore-lookt me, but I gathered wealth:
And for this purpose I did entertaine,
A bel dame old, a crafty cunning Queane,
As subtile as *Eues* serpent that old diuell,
And full as wicked as most damned euill:
Who went in *Rome* a Progresse vp and downe,
Lying in *Ambuscado* through the towne,
T' intangle such poore birds within my snare,
As of my customes vninformed are.
To these she secretly and smoothly goes,
For well her *Art* and industry she knowes,
And finding that their wealth their wit exceeds,
She gins to charme, and loues strange lesson reedes:
Sweares that I was a noble *Romane* borne,
Whose husband was a gentle man forlorne,
Exild his country, for vnluckely,
He slew a man in fight most valiantly.
And thus by these deceipts I conquered strangers,
Euer most curious to preuent the dangers
Of cheaters, braggarts and the peacock slaue, (haue:
Whose words and cloathes are all the welth they
For this I scornd the Spaniard out of measure,
As one that loues his substance more then pleasure:
But the braue Frenchman bounteous liberall,
O him I likt and loued most of all:
For all the gentlemen of that braue nation,
Are curteous, free, and of a courtly fashion.
Besides, I had a watchfull heedy care,

The Spaniard
is a right bra-
gadochio, and
nothing so li-
berall as the
French man a-
mongst curte-
zans.

Of

The famous Whore.

Of the spruce perfum'd gallants to beware,
Who think because th'are braue they must be loued,
As if our soules were with their habites moued,
Or for their faces are of good proportions,
Therefore we womē must make loues first motions,
Thinking a dance, a vault or turne about,
Is pay sufficient for our best of loue:
They thinke at their owne houres they shold inioy,
For a scots iig, a song or such like toy.
And thus they cozen many vnlearn't creatures,
Mocking our follies after our defeatures,
Leauing repentance, nothing els about vs,
Because on them wee are besotted thus.
Againe, my care did keepe my bodie's frame,
Sweete, pure and spotles as the brightest flame:
My hands and face, whose faire admired was,
Mine vnseene parts for beautie did surpass.
Little I drunke when I was at a feast,
And to eate much at table did detest.
Rarest compos'd perfumes I did inherit,
To quicken sense and stirre the drouisie spirit:
As for mine entertainment or careffe,
Admire did loue it, it deseru'd no lesse;
Were it when I abroad was, or when I
Was in my chamber with strange company,
VVhere euery thing kept such well ordered place;
That enuie could not mix it with disgrace.
Bedstoopes in a meld, vallances of gold,
Rich spangled plumes from greater Asia sold.

Downe-

The famous Whore.

Downe beds cloathd ore with counterpoints of silk
Sheetes rich perfumd, and whiter farre then milke:
My night attire *Italian* worke most rare,
My cushion cloth imbrodered thick and saire,
My damask bags with pretious pouders prest,
And casting pots of gold, rich as the best,
VVith all those gauds that wanton Ladies haue,
VVhich on my cubbord cloth were placed braue.
But aboue all, one thing most carefully,
I did remember with a watchfull eie,
(And yet it is an vsuall common trick,
VVith such as vse themselves to paint and slick)
VVhich was, no fusing breath shold touch my face,
Lest it my borrowed beautie should disgrace:
For then my white and read would be descride,
And mine adulteracy too plaine espide.

Aretine a most
famous impu-
dent wicked I-
talian Poet,
who publisht
certain strange
and most un-
modest rules
for lust.

Briefly, I knew all *Aretine* by rot,
And had him read and in acquaintance got,
So that his booke-rules I could well discouer
To euery ignorant, yet wanton loue,
Yea thousand waies I knew by learning deepe,
Venus to wake, which else had beene a sleepe.
But pardon me iust heauens, I now repent,
That my hot bloud to loose sinne did consent:
Yet he that had but heard my modest speech,
VVould haue suppos'd my faith had had no breach,
My sober talke was with such strictnes bound,
That wisdomes selfe could not deserue my wound.
In open show I seemd demure, precise,

And

The famous Whore.

And my discourse was modest, humble, wise,
And (had I pleas'd to shew my skill) no eie
Had beames to pierce to my deformity.
I had an vsuall garbe of sweete commerce,
Which honied all, with whom I did conuerse,
And by insinuation got such loue,
That I was pittied all the world aboue,
And oft did heare as in the streetes I walke,
From the sad murmure of mens priuate talke.
One say, Lo there a creature were she chaste,
She worthy were of Kings to be imbrac't,
Her like no world knowes, nor her equall liues:
Thus on my frailty each his verdict giues.
And sooth to say in motion and discourse,
I gracious was, and to perswade had force,
So rarely could my *Proteus* art disguise,
That I could bleare and blind best seeing eies:
Abroad by wisedomes rule my course was led,
And louely I could wantonize in bed.
This was the cause that many me esteeme,
Not as I was, but onely as I seeme.
Oft doe we see a vitious word hurts more,
Then doth the vice it selfe which wee abhore.
Like vertues selfe theres nothing halfe so faire,
And yet her shadowe we esteeme as rare.
All men do sooth themselues in their affection,
VWhen knowledge tels the that they haue perfectiō.
That Lady is vnworthy any loue,
That nothing hath in her wherewith to moue,

D

Such

The famous Whore.

Such vertue is in vertue, where t'is plac't,
That all desire with her beames to be grac't:
Which thogh not in their inward harts doth grow,
Yet outwardly thei'le giue thereof a show.

This was the reason that I famous grew,
And wanne high fauors mongst the *Roman* crew,
So farre that he no gentleman was thought,
Who or not know me, or no knowledge sought.

I Although it
be lawfull for
curtezans to
wake abroad
in the day time,
yet in the night
they may not,
vnlesse they
haue some ex-
traordinary
warrant for the
same.

¹ Besides, this speciall priuiledge I had,
Which other curtezans (through spight) made mad,
I durst walke out the night as well as day,
Being franchized from tribute or from pay:

Nor did I feare the surlie Gouvernour, (power,
Nor Shrieues, nor catchpoles, sergeants with their
Lest they should lead me with polluted hands,
Into corrections house amongst strange bands:
For I had euer some great Lord stood neare me,
Or Card'nals power that any where might beare me,
With other champions law-prooffe and most stout,
And they in all I did, did beare me out:

For when t'was knowne that such did me affect,
Each officer did shew me rare respect;
Nor durst their harts with one ill thought offend me,
When they beheld how greatnes did attend me.
Seauen yeares at least this golden time did last,
(Whilst youth and beautie swiftly from me past)
Liuing in pleasure (if I may that call
Pleasure which hath no pleasing thought at all)
For what delight could my poore hart possesse,

Or

The famous Whore.

Or thoughts inherit in my wretchednes,
When I was faine to be loues slaue to many,
Yet knew who all loues, neuer loueth any.
When I was forc't gainst nature and gainst kinde,
New to create my selfe to euery minde,
To haue lesse charter then a senselesse beast,
And most loue that which most I should detest:
Riches I meane; got with vnlawfull gaine,
Lost in a trice, though purchast with strange paine:
To suffer all the worst of iniuries,
Mad-mens disdaines, and fooles soft flatteries:
A sweating goate, a sniuelling nose to brooke,
A stincking breath, a leaden hanging looke.
And at the last euen madnes and strange rage,
When loues strange fashion nothing can asswage,
As once I proued, that in extreames did loue,
Thrice happie they that in a meane do moue,
That golden meane which makes all creatures blest,
But womans loues with reason will not rest.
Besides the feare (O hell perpetuall)
Of french disease, of *Leprous* curelesse skale,
The *Gonorea* or the sharp *Sarpego*,
The *Pellivigo* and the *Malcaduco*.
All which are but a certaine legacie,
For such as vse this common mysterie.
As for the care that euery such liue in,
To hide corruption and to paint their skinne,
The haire to curle, to help the loathsome breath,
(Whose fasting scent is noisome vnto death)

The famous Whore.

To take betweene the browes away the haire,
That smooth and white the table may appeare,
To make one looke as fresh in winter time,
As in hot summer or the spring chiefe prime:
Of all which arts, the best he not display,
Since *Romane* Ladies vse them euery day.
Yet O thrice happie she, and treble blest,
Who vnder such hard edicts doth not rest.
Too well wee see what ere is violent,
Wwants strength of life, and is not permanent.
No life may with the curtezans compare,
Whilst she holds fast the glorie of her faire:
But when her rose and lillies are decaid,
No life so base, so abiect or dismaid.
Hence came it once in time of holy lent,
My well 'stung'd conscience vrg'd me to repent,
And I resolu'd to change my leprosie,
To spotlesse vertue and pure sanctitie.
And sure I thinke some blessed Genius wrought,
This noble motion in my spotted thought,
Or else a certaine sermon which I heard,
By whose dread iudgements all my sins were scard,
And hereupon I did dispose my hart,
To humble penance and a contrite smart,
Meaning to mend what I had done amisse,
Making my selfe a Metamorphosis.
My wanton life I chang'd and mine attire,
Becomning new in bodie and desire.
Rome stood amazd at her new conuertite,

m The curtezans & Iewes in *Rome* are forced once or twice a weeke euery lent to heare certaine sermons, the one at *S. Ambrose*, the other at *la Trinita*, in which they dissuade and deterre, both the one and the other from their bad liues, and worse religion, & many times diuers of both of these kinds are conuerted & become honest women & good christians

Seeing

The famous Whore.

Seeing me giue my goods away in sight,
To Monastaries and religious places,
As holy creatures wont in such like cases.
No sooner had I tooke on me religion,
But straight I found distaste in mine opinion,
Being altred more in habire then in minde,
Approuing still nature would follow kinde.
I viewing then for heauen I was vnfit,
Quickly retir'd and did relinquish it.
Returning back from whence I came in hast,
Soule-sick to see my goods and riches waste,
Repenting that I so repented had,
When reason would I rather should be sad.
Thus to mine old trade, and the spew of hell,
Onely for gaine, agen I basely fell.
Now stood my schole dore open to all vice,
And that with such ioy, art, and count'nance nice,
That in a while, my coffers got such store,
They might compare with all they held before:
And thus once more I came in reputation,
But then I grew to haue so proud a fashion
Because I saw great states depend on me,
That through disdain I found disdain'd to be:
And now cold beauty made hot blouds grow coole,
Selfe-loue and blindnesse is the womans foole.
I will not tell, twill cause a blushing face.
Of thirtie one, the shamelesse foule disgrace;
Or how in place of a good gentle man,
I tooke to bed the cities common hangman

The famous Whore.

Who when my curtesie he should require,
Before great numbers and in open sight,
With whips did scourge me most iniuriously,
Mocking my fortunes and my miserie.
To which some fewe Lords hierd him when they saw
How basenes, pride & lust my course did draw.
Nor will I heere report my foule diseases,
For such repeates all modest eares displea's:
My rotten carkasse, nor my visage pale,
Ouer whole wrinckles, paint could not auaille.
But what of this? the soule hauing lost her shame,
No maruaile though the count'nance do the same.
For all this, yet I gaue not ore my trade,
But of my wasted remnants profit made:
For of such strength my credit was before,
And such increase did issue from my store,
That well enough I did maintaine my state
Respectles of the vulgars idle prate.
Besides, I had so good and bold a grace,
That though all beauty had forsworne my face,
Yet wit in stead of beauty did supply,
And was assitied by an amorous eie,
That each was glad my winter crop to take:
Sted of my spring, and much thereof did make
In wanton sports I was so youthfull still,
The world might take new precepts from my skill.
Neuer (then me) daunc't aire more light on ground,
Nor *Orpheus* made his lute giue better sound:
But mine, no musicke was esteemed choice,

And

The famous Whore.

And Angels learnt their sphear-tunes from my voice
Was neuer Lady yet that could rehearse,
" So much as I of learned *Petrarcks* verse.
Adde vnto this, my artfull works most fine,
Aracknes needle durst not warre with mine.
From whence it came some idle houres I blest
With those soft labours more then all the rest.
Sometimes in mans atire I tooke delight,
To tread the streets of Rome, and by sunnes light,
Mount on a warlike courser, proud as ire,
With plumed crest, and eies that sparkled fire,
Whilest I as proudly vp and downe did ride,
As faire *Marfysa*, or *Rogeroes* bride.
What shall I say? theres nothing came amisse
To me of sports, which fit for Ladies is.
In euery game my knowledge was profound,
And I could tell both how to heale and wound.
Were it *Mount cent*, *Primero* or at chesse,
I wan with most, and lost still with the lesse.
At dice, at billiard board, at boule or bow,
Was none in Rome but I could ouergoe:
And what I wan, I greedily posslest,
So strongly lucre lodgd within my brest.
But being loser, this was still my gaine,
The winner all my losse restord againe:
Nay when I plaid not, yet I wan by play,
And made my dicing gallants tribute pay:
For sitting by, and marking who drew most,
From him I tooke a tribute and impost:

" This Poet
many Italians
both men and
women haue at
their fingers
ends, singing
most of his son-
nets, as they
go openly in
the streets.

From

The famous Whore.

From euery maine at hazard, or great hand,
My very eies a custome did demand:
Besides I had an art more great then this,
VVhich gaind me much, and this the substance is:
VVhen either I a iewell had ore bought,
Or stoode posselt of trifles worthy nought,
I mustred vp my seruants all or most,
And they must rife for it at their cost;
VVhere each one struiuing to inhaunce the lot,
VVhen I gaind least, 't was six for one I got:
Nay many nights I doe remember well,
An hundred crownes for one to me befell.
In quittance of which fauor, to such friends,
A slender banquet was a full amends.
Thus I deceiud the easie trusting gull,
And like the brier bush, robd tame sheepe of wooll.
Some I did clip, and some more close did sheare,
And some I cut into the flesh more neare:
Yet with such art, as not the enuious
Could tax my nature, as too couetous.
But where I most got, there men did suppose,
I gaue most fauor, and he least did lose.
My house was like a Princes royall court,
VVhether the noblest spirits doe resort,
VVhere strangers meete and in cōmercement stand,
French, English, Spanish, Dane and Netherland,
Struiuing with mirth to spend the time away,
And each an other with conceit to play.
The finest spirits there did shew their wit,
VVhilst

The famous Whore.

Whilſt vaſt vplandiſh rudenes learnt by it,
To make their knowledge ciuill: but gone thence,
Twas hard if I eſcap't my recompence.
If any *Romane* worthy made a feaſt,
I was the formoſt and the chiefeſt gueſt:
No meeting was without me, for twas ſaid
I gaue them life, but abſent all was dead.
Then were the beſt daies of my golden age,
Siluer being euen diſdained by my page.
A world of Ducats I had forth at uſe,
For uſurie I thought was no abuſe.
My houſe was ſtately, great and beautious,
Furniſht with all things held miraculous:
Hangings of arras or of needle worke,
In which did many a wanton ſtory lurke,
And painted ore my gate, men might behold,
Ioues ſtealing vnto *Dione* in gold:
Which vnchaſt moral euer ſeem'd to ſay,
None entred there but with a golden key.
But thoſe *Saturnian* daies are paſt and gone,
The thought whereof makes my ſad ſoule to mone.
But to returne to my next miſery,
◦ *Cupid* inrag'd at mine impietie,
And ſeeing how mine adamantin hart,
Diſdained my louers, and did euen impart
A ſcorne vnto his Godhead, forth he drawes
His quiuers worſt, and ſpight of natures lawes.
Euen when my bloud was turnd to ice and ſnow,
Makes me doate moſt and moſt adore his bow.

E

Vp- mad for his

◦ There is no
cortezan of ac-
count, but hath
three ſorts of
men belonging
vnto her, the
fiſt is called
her *Curſo*, & he
is the man that
keepeth her. *A-
laſoſſa* (as the I-
rahan termeth
it) by the month
or by the yeare,
as he pleaſeth,
giuing her ac-
cording to the
price they a-
gree vpon. The
ſecond is her
Bravo, and this
is hee which is
her champion
& ſwaggereth
euery where in
her behalfe, &
in all her quar-
rels, ſeeketh to
defend her
ſmall honour
with his no-lit-
tle ſhame. The
third & laſt is
her *Bello*, and
that is ſome
neat, ſpruce, &
well fauoured
youth, on who
ſhe commonly
doatech, being

The famous Whore.

Vpon'a wanton youth he sets my hart, (dart,
Whose breast was prooffe against loues sharpest
And makes me with such violence to loue,
That neuer creature could moe passions proue:
Whilst he disdaines as much as I desire,
And is all water, I bright scorching fire.

p The madde
tricks which
such foolish wo-
men that doate
in loue, will
play, especially
the Italians, no
women in the
world being
like vnto them
to shew true
passions.

p Alas, how oft haue I with ieaious frowne,
Runne mad *Medea* like through all the towne
To seeke him forth? who was no sooner found,
But my best purchase was my greater wound.
How little did I then respect my fame?
Or note their scoffes which plaid vpon my shame?
How oft haue my sad dreames brought me vnto him
And in imagmarcie armes to wooe him?
When waking, truth aprouing t'was not so,
My madnes hath made woe admire at woe.
Barefoote I haue forsaken my sad bed,
My haire about mine cares disheuelled,
And run vnto her dore whom I supposed,
Possess my heauen and all my wealth inclosed:
There haue I raild, broke windowes, beate the gate,
And shewd my selfe both mad and desperate.

q It is a com-
mon course a-
mongst Italian
dames when
they are in loue
and cannot ob-
tain their desire
to run to wise
women, to for-
cerers and such
like to help the.

q Alas how oft haue I to witches gone,
And vnto forcerers declard my mone;
To see if they by charmes or spels could moue,
And bring this wayward youth vnto my loue?
Me thinkes my haire stands vp, and my maz'd wits,
Trembles to thinke vpon my desperate fits.
How I haue digd the dead out of their graues,

Whose

The famous Whore.

VVhose peaceful bones, shame & respect shold (aue.
How I haue turnd the siluer moone to blood,
And falling riuers forct that still they stood?
Celestiall sooth-sayings, verses most diuine,
Figures which magick strangely doth combine:
Points crossed, waters pure and hallowed,
Letters and names writ, circles compassed,
Bones of dead men, and virgin parchment right,
VVax candles which fore corfes haue been light:
Burnt laurell, and the poison of a mare,
VVhich when the colt is foald, men from her pare:
The eies of wolues, and images of wax,
The blood of owles, the nostril-haires of cats,
Inchaunted knots, and strangest charactry,
Mensis profluum and the number three.
And to be breefe, what ere this art doth hold,
I put in prooffe with courage man-like bold.
But all in vaine, tis madnes when wee trust
To finde releefe by any course vniust.
And yet this was not all, my bribes, my gifts,
Nay all my goods got by so many shifts,
And purchast with such industry and paine,
VVhen youth and beaurie in me did remaine,
My vineyards, houses, money and my land,
And all what else my power did command,
VVithin one yeare vpon this youth was spent,
In banquets, gifts, in masks and merriment:
On this flint-harted man, this most ingrate,

* The diuers
trinckets and
knacks which
witches vse in
their exor-
cismes.

“

“

E 2

And

The famous Whore.

And worst of earth, the staine of human state :
Who euen for all my cost (O this doth grieue me)
With his poore presence, hardly would releue me.
But when he saw my empty coffers light,
He flies my fortunes, and forswears my sight.
It was my purse, not person he respected
The first decar'd, the next must be neglected.
O you that rich in beauty are, and know
The strength of eies, & what from thence doth flow :
Know they must fade: then wisely spend your youth,
Lest scorn'd beggery bring hated ruth.
But aboue all, beware the plague of loue,
Lest you my torment and affliction proue.
Beware the Catamits, these gallant slaues,
Who lie to swallow you, like open granes :
Their oathes are periuries, O do not heare them,
Their soothings, falshoods, fly & come not near thē:
For sea-nymphs like, if you but heare thē wooe you
They first inchant, and after doe vndoe you.
Learne by my losse to make your loue againe,
For loue without some profit, is base paine.
When beauty and you goods haue both one end,
Who then wil court you? where is then your friend?
No friend is firme but riches, for they neuer
Forlake their owners, but support them euer:
Gold is to riuel'd age, the onely crutch,
She that is wealthy, still is loued much.
But to returne to my calamity,
Being cleane forsooke of wealth, of youth & beauty:
And

The famous Whore.

And nothing left with me but irksome age,
Gray haire, suncke eies, and much distemperd rage:
And that my doating loue, had now consumed,
What fortune or indeuours had assumed,
Leauing me nought but sicknesse in their place,
And foule diseates, full of loathd disgrace.
As first the stone, the torment of the raines,
Next gout, that in my hands and feet remaines:
Ach in my thighes, the Rheume-drops in my head
And almost deafe and blind, I liue halfe dead:
And that my gold threeds (chaines vnto desire)
Vere now conuerted vnto siluer wire,
Nor white nor red within my cheekes were found,
My teeth (once pearle) now rotten and vnfound,
Mine eies, whence loue was wont to steale his flame
Now inward sunke, lie coffind in their shame:
And where in youth like 2 bright stars they burned
Now into weeping fountaines they are turned:
My tast is gone, mine eare is dull disposed,
From musicke sound no sweetnesse is disclosed.
My senses faile me, and mine inward spirit,
Doth all my witherd bodies ils inherit.
VWhat ere I learnt, or what I wont to teach,
Are now forgot, as worship, art or speech.
My hoarse voice iarres, and I sit dumbe and mute,
I can nor daunce, nor sing, nor touch my Lute:
My wits sharp edge is blunted, iudgement tir'd,
And as of late I am no more admir'd.
Now are my faculties to curse and waile,

The famous Whore.

To groane, to cough, to spaule, to spit, to raile,
With waspish anger and distemperate rage,
Vexing my selfe and others with mine age.
As for my meanes of life hew now I liue,
I will vnfold, though to repeate I grieue.
To spin is most my trade, or else to wash,
To sell old fripery stuffe or such like trash:
Make paintings, or strange waters, or sell late,
Some hallow'd candles at a Churches gate:
And now and then I vse for a poore shift,
To play the Ruffiana for a gift.
Thus wastes my life, whilst all I seeke to serue,
Only to maintaine life, which else would sterue:
And to discharge my chambers quarters rent,
I make a needfull good of discontent,
Nothing augmenting more my miserie,
Then dying daily, that I cannot die.
O what a hell is it vnto my sence,
When I but ponder on the difference,
Betwixt my present state and former glory,
And but recount the ruines of my story?
How rich and faire I was, and how much honor,
Depended on the man that had my fauour.
When euery worthy eie on me did waite,
And I late towred vp in Princes state, (sures,
When both my mornings walkes, and euening plea-
My recreations and all minutes leasures,
Were with obseruant duetic furnished,
And I with euery honour garnished.

But

The famous Whore.

But now (alasse) I am disdained of all,
And made slave to my slaves, thrall to my thrall,
Whilst those whose very sights I could not brooke,
Now as disdainfully at me doe looke.
They call me witherd hag, baude, and shee beare,
Whilst those whom I did loue and hold most deare,
Mockt both affliction and my woes at once,
Hating themselves because they lou'd me once:
Nay so much changd am I from what I was,
That bashfulnes doth blush as I doe passe.
And yet wretch that I am, this is not all,
That grieues my hart, or breakes mine inward gall.
The object is nor pouerty nor age,
Which bindes me to this wofull pilgrimage:
But this is it which grieues me aboue other,
That being a begger, I am yet a mother:
A wretched mother of a haplesse child,
Of all good fortune and faire starres beguild.
Young is the babe, nor can her selfe relieue,
Nor I vnto its wants one comfort giue:
She is a charge to me, who can sustaine
My selfe nor her with any thing but paine,
And shall be more if this vnluckie starre,
Against vs women here in *Rome* make warre,
If ore this *Romane* climate long it raine,
We curtezans shall then fall in the waine.
O had my daughter com'd when I had store,
Then had I had no reason to deplore.
Leo the tenth I oft haue tane delight

f Shee was in
hope her yong
daughter
might haue
maintained her
by her former
trade, but it fell
out otherwise.

t This *Leo* was
a Pope of
Rome, which
rooke infinit
delight in
sports and vani-
ties.

In

The famous Whore.

* This *Clement* was Pope at such time as the French men sacked *Rome*, & took him, & other Cardinals prisoners.

* This pope was he that gave to his grandchild the Duke-dome of *Parma, & Plasenza* in *Italie*, which they hold untill this day.

y Shee here nameth 5 popes, in whose time she lived well, till in her old age.

2 This *Paul* the fourth, was a very sancte man, hee banished all Curtezans & Jewes out of *Rome*, but within a while, they were recalled backe againe. And thus much for the glosse of this tale of *Pandina*.

In euery idle toy of smallest might.

" *Clement* his kinsleman I did likewise know,
Who by the French Kings army got much woe,
" Old *Paul* I saw, who to his great names story,
Added the stile *Farnesi* for a glory.

y *Iuleo* the third succeeded in his place:
And now *Saint Peters* Chaire so full of grace,
z Is held by *Paul* the fourth, a cruell man,
Who raignes a tyrant ore the Curtezan:
Blasting our glories euen with his looke,
And cursing vs with candell, bell and booke.

Of the first foure which I in order nam'd
I must speake well, or else be highly blam'd.
But of this *Paul* who would heauens keyes possesse,
I must affirme he was too mercilesse:

And by his rigor seeketh to withdraw,
Men from free loue, by cruel penall law
Forbidding by an edict generall,

That *Rome* shall hold no curtezan at all:
But that on paine of death they shall depart,
Or else indure the scourge of greatest sinart.

O *Paul*, thine errours fault thou dost not view,
Nor how great dangers will hereof ensue:

For if all curtezans, or their defect,
Which *Rome* so much doth honour and affect,
Shall be exil'd, and leaue this well knowne ground,
What stranger then to liue here will be found?

If they be banisht hence, through thy great hate,
Rome will be desert, and vnfortunate.

All

The famous Whore.

All will be gone, or else in womans stead,
Each man will haue for lust his *Ganimede*:
Amongst all euils we the least should chuse,
Take women then, *Burdashes* doe refuse.
The first is naturall, although a crime,
Th'other horrid, damn'd the spewe of time,
O times, O manners, O vnluckie age,
O *Rome* once master, now worse then a page!
Wast not enough that ciuil mutiny,
Should suffer all the world to pray on thee,
And to haue seene so long on *Tiber's banke*,
Blood thirsty warre, and famine, leane and lanke;
But thou thy noble liberty must lose,
For which thou ought'st to weepe as much as those
Thine antient monuments which now to dust
Are turnd? O who to mortall things would trust!
Deare daughter, dearer vnto me then lie,
Why wert thou borne in such an age of strife?
VVhy haue I liued to see thee miserable,
And cannot help our woes insufferable?
Alasse must these gold tresses, these bright eies,
Loues diamonds, and starres of *Cupids* skies,
That liuely rose and lillie in thy cheeke,
That pearl-set mouth, that forehead smooth & sleeke,
And that fine waste, whence men do rarenes scanne,
Be made a pray, not to a gentleman,
But to some base groome or artificer?
Doe thus thy starres marke thy dishonor?
Haue I for this so chairely brought thee vp,

F

And

The famous Whore.

And made thee taste of learnings seasoned cup?
O bleflesse girle, through such indignitie,
To lose thy virgin bloflomes purity.
Was this thy glorious youth? here did I meane,
To make my ages staffe whereon to leane?
Thinking in lieu of all my troubles past,
In thee I should reape comfort at the last.
O cruell heauens vnrelenting fate,
To wage a warre gainst me of so much hate.
Wast not enough that I was plagud before,
But I must see my torments more and more,
Renew in her that should be all my blisse,
And ruin whatsoeuer glorious is?
My voice is stopt, grief's master of my words,
And teares are all the talke mine eyes affords.
O you that shall by chance but read my story,
(Though fewe to heare of my mishap are sory)
Pardon my laui'h speech, it is a wrong
That doth to age and women still belong.
Since now I haue my life discourst at large,
I will breake off, lest I my selfe orecharge:
Wishing that as I here end sodainly,
So this my life may end as happily.
But fortune is not halfe so kind I know,
Rather she doth preserue me for more woe.
Then you faire creatures of my sister-hoode,
I wish this my discourse may do you good.
Beware in time, giue ouer whilst you may,
Night will approach, how long so ere is day.

The famous Whore.

Ill gotten goods are feldome long enioid,
And ill foundations quickly are deſtroid.
Wretched your ſtates are, and your lives are bad,
Though the beginning's ſweete, the end is ſad.
O leaue off then whiſt you haue youth and time,
For earely ſorrow purges our worſt crime.
Looke vp to heauen before your ſins be growne,
And aſke for mercie ere your faults be knowne.
Remember that a ſpotleſſe youth ſtill beares,
The noble markes of honourable yeares.
The beauty of the bodie is but winde,
She truly faire is, that is faire in minde.
When we are dead we leaue behind our ſhame,
And cary with vs nought but our good name.
Tis ill to ſinne, but much worſe neare to mend:
A vertuous life doth make a worthy end.

FINIS.